Were it not ſinfull then ſtriuing to mend,
To marre the ſubiect that before was well,
For to no other paſſe my verſes tend,
Then of your graces and your gifts to tell.
And more,much more then in my verſe can ſit,
Your owne glaſſe ſhowes you,when you looke in it.

104

TO me faire friend you neuer can be old,
For as you were when firſt your eye I eyde,
Such ſeemes your beautie ſtill:Three Winters colde,
Haue from the forreſts ſhooke three ſummers pride,
Three beautious ſprings to yellow *Autumne* turn'd,
In proceſſe of the ſeaſons haue I ſeene,
Three Aprill perfumes in three hot Iunes burn'd,
Since firſt I ſaw you freſh which yet are greene.
Ah yet doth beauty like a Dyall hand,
Steale from his figure,and no pace perceiu'd,
So your ſweete hew,which me thinkes ſtill doth ſtand
Hath motion,and mine eye may be deceaued.
For feare of which,heare this thou age vnbred,
Ere you were borne was beauties ſummer dead.

105

LEt not my loue be cal'd Idolatrie,
Nor my beloued as an Idoll ſhow,
Since all alike my ſongs and praiſes be
To one,of one,ſtill ſuch,and euer ſo.
Kinde is my loue to day,to morrow kinde,
Still conſtant in a wondrous excellence,
Therefore my verſe to conſtancie confin'de,
One thing expreſſing,leaues out difference.
Faire,kinde,and true,is all my argument,
Faire,kinde and true,varrying to other words,
And in this change is my inuention ſpent,
Three theams in one,which wondrous ſcope affords.
Faire,kinde,and true,haue often liu'd alone.
Which three till now,neuer kept ſeate in one.

When